the forest, not a hardy frame but has born unflinchingly the heats of summer and the frosts and snows of winter—still laboring on—and now with fearless brow and eye that droops not at the lightning's threat, they stand ready for the unknown trials of war.

But on the other side mark the flower of the populace trembling nervously beneath the musket's weight, and wilting like any other flower beneath the summer sun. Here are the contents of the counting room, the office, the factory and the saloon. Here is the man of avarice, whose shiveled form has sought in vain to the dimensions of the microscopic soul within. The man of fancied courage, whose teeth chatter with fear lest he should be thought afraid; the man of vice who farely rushes into any course that promises to free him from himself; and last, but not least, "Young America," escaped in an untimely hour from yet unfinished parental discipline, clad in the ideas of his own greatness, like David in the armor of Saul, and ready to do carnage upon the tented field, as he has already done it at the bar and the billiard table. I need not ask which of these regiments you would with most sanguine hopes lead on to battle. I need not appeal to the ladies, the accredited and worthy judges of valor in all ages to know from which ranks you would choose your favorite knight.

But physical excellence alone does not lift man above barbarism. The progress of civilization is marked still more by the developement of the mind and heart of man—the increase and diffusion of intelligence—the elevation of public morality—the purity of private life and social intercourse. These are essential elements in the formation of a firm and reliable national character—elements without which no other form of government, much less a democratic one, can long sustain itself. It becomes then a pertinent inquiry how far agricultural pursuits contribute to their growth. The common estimate of the comparative intelligence of the townsman and the countryman, is far from just. The "gentleman from the rural districts" the "rustic" are, in newspaper parlance, the representatives of greenness and simplicity. The error arises from substituting the mere outside polish of fashionable life for intellectual superiority, and judging men by this false standard—elevating at the expense of all others that style of mental capacity which exhausts itself upon the bow of a cravat or the turning of a compliment. No lower test could be instituted; for if God made the country, and man the town—the devil certainly made the fashions.

That city life affords some peculiar advantages for mental cultivation, that among a limited class there is a higher degree of cultivation than elsewhere must be admitted. But if to this limited number, we add the tens of thousands, whose daily thoughts and studies do not pass beyond the narrow storeroom, or the dingy workshop where they toil, or who by poverty and vice are buried in living tombs, the average of mental wealth will be greatly reduced. The opportunities for acquiring knowledge have not hitherto been so widely spread or so easily accessible to the farmer's child, but under liberal legislation, particularly in your own state they are rapidly increased, and by the circumstances which surround him he is better prepared and has more inducements to profit by them. The city lad, who has penetrated the mysteries of long measure, and square measure, and especially *short* measure, has completed his education. His business henceforth monopolizes all the hours which sleep does not require, and can no more escape from the charmed circumference of his day book and his counting room—or find in surrounding cobwebs or calicoes the genius of philosophy, poetry or science. But the farmer's work lies in the midst of this grand old museum of Nature, full of wondrous mysteries, for the solution of which the systematic discipline of the school room has given the magic key. Not a flower that opens its petals, not a waving leaf, or a dew sprinkled blade of grass but tempts him to inquiry—and offers him enigmas yet unsolved. And then outside of the reach of the naked eye, but open to the microscope lies a new world still more wondrous in its composition. Here he may find myriads of insect life reposing upon the bosom of the water lilly, and rocking themselves to sleep in its golden cradle—or feeding amid the down of a rose leaf, like cattle beneath the towering forest. He may discover in the meanest weed that offends the sight—a delicacy and symmetry of proportion—mysteries of human architecture which human art has labored in vain to rival. Nor are investigations of this character trivial or objectless, though apparently disconnected with the practical. Every new fact thus elicited is a contribution to the general stock of human knowledge. It is the rough, apparently useless fragment of rock which when trimmed and jointed is to fill a place in the structure of the fair temple of science. The facts of Nature are the basis of art, the germs of invention the formation of all true philosophy.

Being thus surrounded with the stimulants to inquiry, with the physical health essential to unimpaired mental power, free from the cares and anxieties of city life, and possessing long winter evenings, in which to improve these advantages the farmer needs only equal educational facilities to give him the decided pre-eminence above his city brethren.

It remains for us to inquire into the influence of rural life and pursuits upon the moral character of the people.—The immorality of cities is proverbial among the high classes, the nature of the business pursued, its success being measured by the necessities or miseries of others, the strong incurtives to avarice, the false excitements and unnatural restraints which fashion imposes, all tend to pervert the affections and impair the moral sense. While among the inferior ranks the lack of rational amusements and the everywhere prevalent temptations to cheap but vicious indulgence spread broadcast ruin. The extremes of poverty are herewith—of poverty too which prefers city vice in rags to a well provided virtuous country home. In contra-distinction from all this, we find in the circumstances and scenery which surround the farmer, as well as in the nature of his labor, much to elevate and purify, and nothing to demoralize. He deals with Nature, and has no occasion to concoct financial schemes to overreach her and thus gratify his avarice. He dwells in the midst of plenty, and has no temptation selfishly to drive the beggar from his door. His lessons from the true and good are gathered from the scenes around him, and not from the selfish and perverted code of man. Hypocrisy, intrigue and corruption exist here, if at all, in spite of and not in consequence of surrounding circumstances.

But a still important agency in producing a difference in character, is the contrast between the influence of the country and city home. It has been truly said, "men are no where nearer heaven than in childhood," and certainly the man who preserves most perfectly the tender sympathy, the frankness and simplicity, the unselfish generosity of early life is most worthy the confidence of his fellows. These sentiments of childhood, however, cannot be sterreotyped by mere verbal instruction. As the sustenance of the plant is drawn from the earth, the air, the dew, and the sunlight, so the external associations which surround man contribute to the formation of his moral character—to the developement of principles and habits which will die only with the man. How different then must be the moral growth of two individuals; one of whom is educated within the prison walls of a city dwelling, or amid the contagious vices of the streets—the other amid green fields and running brooks.—The recollections of the one look back to a stately rectangular mansion, distinguished from its neighbors in the same block, only by the figures on the door plate. The other's memory cling fond round the humble cot, distinguished from all others, by ten thousand objects of nature around—unimportant in themselves, but invested with a hallowed interest which childhood alone knows how to cherish. The one remembers a mother, enslaved by the demands of society, the frills of whose lace, and the nervousness of whose dispositon must not be discomposed even by the caresses of childhood, if indeed, the fashions of the times allow her, (as they do not now,) to be approached at all. The other turns fondly to one, the scene of all whose triumphs was the domestic circle rather than the ball room; whose jewels, like the Roman matron, were her children—whose supreme joy was in their happiness. If it be true that he is best shielded from the temptations of the world, whose heart is completely cased in golden memories of early home, that he is most worthy of confidence, about whose footsteps linger most constantly the guardian influences of a mother's memory—it cannot be doubted that the country home is the nursery of our purest and noblest men. The statistics of crime correspond with the deduction of reason in this matter, it being the fact that the vast majority of our prison inmates are born and bred in cities or large towns. The bolts and bars, the inner doors and shutters, the complicated machinery of the police of cities, as compared with the everywhere manifest feeling of the security of the country corroborates the statements here made.

Having thus attempted to illustrate the favorable influence of agricultural life upon the physical mental and moral condition of the people, I wish in conclusion, to remark its direct influence on the permanency of our republic. Indirectly the points already considered bear upon this subject: for in the physical strength requisite for productive labor and defence; in the mental capacity to devise and the moral power to carry out the best schemes of improvement, we have the elements of a great people. It is only necessary so to combine these elements, that the efficiency of each shall be promoted and its full force felt. Democratic governments have not been wanting in the world's history, possessing in some instances, in a high degree, the elements of wealth and power above mentioned. Yet all have failed. We have indeed with the rest of the world advanced on their acquirements; we have their example to profit by, and yet with all our progress we have not eradicated selfishness and discontent, nor dried up the fountains of discord which under like circumstances, would among us produce similar results as in the old world. But we have what no other democracy ever had, an intelligent and broad spread country life.

The only remaining relics which mark the locality of ancient republics are those which belong to city life. We find upon the acropolis of Athens, and the seven hills whence Rome sent her thunders, the ruins of gorgeous temples and palaces, but no where among the surrounding fields, do we find the winding paths, the remains of humble cottages or any other relics which tell of country life. Agriculture was not everywhere neglected among them, but the labor was performed by those who going forth into the fields by day, still dwelt within the city walls, so that everywhere the republic was but the city. It is not difficult to conceive that, where a nation was thus crowded within narrow walls the petty animosities of private life, and still more the power of the demagogue would have resistless sway. There is an unseen, all prevading sympathy, which, when men are gathered into masses sways them like the hidden currents of the sea, and urges them to courses which whether good or bad, their individual judgment would not direct. The same principle which nerves the soldier to follow his daring leader, the same which enables the earnest orator to kindle in his audience an electric flame of enthusiasm, is that which inspires the mob. It is a magazine of wondrous power, and he who sleeps within it, must beware while the torch of the incendiary may be near. So cities everywhere are ruled by impulse rather than by reason. Those nations, in our day, where though rural life exists, the life blood of the nation ebbs and flows through one great heart as that of England through London, and France through Paris, tremble at every throb, and are never free from the danger of dissolution. The true Napoleon as well as the counterfeit, well understood that to stir the feelings of the population in Paris and buy their support was to control the city, and that thus sitting in the imperial chariot, he held the reins and controlled all France. Were Paris eradicated, that land of revolutions might soon rejoice in freedom. But so long as thousands of mercenary vagrants throng her streets, whose hypocritical cries for liberty can be satisfied and their support bought with gold, she must still be the victim of military despots.

Distinguished from all other nations, our country's strength lies, and the great body of her rulers are found in the country. Cities there are and must be of necessity, but they do not hold the balance of power. New centers are constantly forming under the stimulus of growing trade and wealth, and the expansion of our national territory and the corresponding speed of the farming interest counteract their own growth.

The people, thus free from the tumults and headlong enthusiasm which in cities so often lead to mob violence, hearing both sides of every great question, and deciding calmly the personal influence, are repositories of the discretion and wisdom of the country. False theories and unjust principles may under the influence of excitement gain a temporary predominance in the city: political and moral scorpions may there fling their venom abroad; but a ring of fire surrounds them in the country within whose steady, ever narrowing circle they shall be confined, until they shall sting themselves to death.

I trust the thoughts I have thus presented you, may not, though general, be entirely valueless. One of the objects of your meeting here is to expand your individual thoughts and sympathies beyond the narrow circle of your home.—You are members not only of an agricultural nation, and interested in all that pertains to the welfare and promotion of your profession throughout her borders. The predominance of power lies, as I have attempted to show in your ranks, but it has so far as pertains to your interest in the legislation of the country been dormant. Holding the majority of popular suffrages, you have ever been in the minority in the national councils. You have permitted the government of your country to be entrusted to political jugglers, who have in building themselves up forgotten her best interests. You have in your estimate of the qualities of the statesmen omitted plain common sense, and incorruptible integrity, and inserted subtleness of tongue, and craftiness of disposition, allowing the mere politician, while courting your favor and promising devotion to your interests, to betray you with a kiss. You have under estimated the qualifications of those in your own ranks, who though lacking the tinsel of fashionable cultivation and perhaps the questionable quality of fluency of speech, bear imprinted on their brows that frankness and nobility of heart, which is nature's index of the full grown man. How do the memories of the people love to cluster around Marshfield, Ashland, the Hermitage, Monticello, and the hallowed shades of Mount Vernon. From these rural homes which now hold their crumbling remains, the noble men whose names have rendered them illustrious, gathered much of the energy which fired their eloquence, and linked them to the hearts of the people.

Let the farmer then appreciating his own power, give his votes no longer to the political demagogue, but choose those, whose sympathies and interests will make them the real representatives of that branch of the people who elected them, who come from the people and belong to the people. So shall the interests of agriculture receive the fostering care of government to which they are justly entitled. The increasing appreciation of education in the country, multiplication of associations such as this, and the consequent unity of feeling among agriculturists may soon accomplish this.—Then with a broad cast rural population, exerting its full power alike at the polls, and the halls of the National Capitol, we shall have the guaranty of freedom from the sudden revulsions which have uprooted other governments, a protecting equalizing power, which combining our nation, and directing the energies of party spirit and neutralizing the contagion of political corruption, which city life engenders, shall turn the sails aright and guide the good ship of state right on. In this we find the key-stone, the world has so long sought, which being fitted in its place the triumphant arch of republican freedom shall henceforth stand complete and indestructible.

The Late State Elections.

From the New York Tribune.

Elections for state officers were held on Tuesday last in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Iowa, and Minnesota, all of which, we apprehend, resulted in favor of the slave democracy. In Pennsylvania the division of the opposition was so obstinate as to paralyze effort, and the democracy had it all their own way. In Ohio, there was a respectable contest, but the public attention was too much absorbed by pecuniary anxiety, and the republicans polled far less than their full vote, and are clearly beaten. The state of Iowa, we judge, has gone the same way, for similar reasons. Minnesota is not yet heard from, but the results in the nearer states inspire little hope of a republican victory. The heedless and over willing have been made to believe that the triumph of freedom in Kansas is sure—that Buchanan and Walker are dealing fairly by it—and that no farther effort outside of the territory is required. We shall see whether this belief is in accordance with events which the future has in store.

Why Provisions are Dear.

The *Pennsylvanian* has compiled some statistics which serve in part to explain the extraordinary high prices of all kinds of provisions which have ruled the past year or two.

In 1840, for instance, the United States produced—

34,820,000 bushels of wheat.
108,000,000 bushels of Irish and sweet potatoes.
14,970,000 head of cattle.

Had agriculture remained simply stationary—considering the increase of population—it ought to have produced in 1850—

115,240,000 bushels of wheat.
146,000,000 bushels of potatoes.
13,378,000 head of cattle.

Instead of which it only yielded the following amounts—

100,480,000 bushels of wheat.
104,000,000 bushels of potatoes.
18,378,000 head of cattle.

Thus the diminution in these articles during a period of ten years amounted to about—

15,000,000 bushels of wheat, a falling off of 1-7.
41,000,000 bushels of potatoes, a falling off of 1-3
2,000,000 head of cattle, a falling off 1-10 of the production in 1840—duly taking into calculation, the increase of population.

Here, then, we have one reason for the advance of provisions.

While agriculture thus proved unable to keep pace with the growth of the population, the exportation of breadstuffs increased prodigiously, which of course, reacted on the home market.

The value of breadstuffs and provisions exported averaged per annum for the period from 1830 to 1840, $12,000,000.

From 1840 to 1850, $27,000,000.

From 1850 to 1856, $41,000,000.

Thus the exportation more than doubled in ten years, and nearly doubled in the last seven years.

These facts taken in connection with the dispersion of laborers over the wild and non-producting lands of the west by the railroads, will go far to explain why the provisions for a family cost more than twice what it cost ten or even five years ago. There has been an immense temptation drawing the laboring classes to the west.

Foreign News.

ARRIVAL OF THE VANDERBILT.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.

The steamship *Vanderbilt*, from Havre the 3d inst., arrived at 9 o'clock this morning.

The Bomba government had received a telegraph at Regna, dated August 31st, stating that news from Cawnpore to the 13th had been received.

Gen. Havelock, engaged the rebels on the 13th, about 12 miles from that place, and took two guns. No English were killed but Capt. McKenzie, and nine men wounded.

The troops were very hard worked, and the cholera had appeared among them; fourteen men and Lieut. Campbell had died of it.

The last accounts from Lucknow were to the 14th. Reported all well.

The news from China was not favorable.

The emperors of Austria and Russia met at Weimer on the 1st of October.

It is reported in Paris that the Isle of Bourbon is to resume the name of Isle Bonaparte, which it bore under the first empire.

Napoleon is said to be intent on a personal interview with all the sovereigns of Europe.

The Greek government has authorized the exportation of cereals, in consequence of the abundance of the harvest.

American railway securities in improved demand. Ill. C. shares 2a3 premium.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 2d.—Breadstuffs very dull. Sales were pressed.

In wheat and flour, a decline of 2a3 on wheat, and 6d on flour had taken place.

Corn was 6d lower.

Richardson, Spence & Co., quoted canal flour 30sa30s8d. Mixed corn 37s6d.

ARRIVAL OF THE GRANADA.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 13.

The steamer *Granada* from Havana on the 1oth, has arrived. The *Northern Light* brings a million and a quarter in bullion.

CALIFORNIA ELECTION.—Weller's majority over both of his antagonists is 11,000. Legislature largely democratic.

Bates, ex-treasurer, and Rowe, his clerk, have both been committed to jail in default of bail.

Chief Justice Murray is dead.

Colonel Casey, of Tennessee, has been killed in a duel with Mr. Blair.

The overland mail from San Antonio, Texas, reached San Diego, August 31st.

Reports of the assassination of Alvares, in Mexico, has reached San Francisco.

The constitutional convention of Oregon, is in session.—The slavery question was agitated.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

A. V. VALENTINE, EDITOR.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on the dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs; he most lives,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

EASTMANVILLE, MICHIGAN:
WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 21, 1857.

The Monetary Crisis.

The public need not to be told that we are in the midst of an extraordinary financial crisis.—From day to day the aspect grows darker, and the most clear sighted professes not to discern the end thereof. It is a subject that interests all—to know the cause, and if possible, to find the remedy.

THEODORE PARKER, the great apostle of the humanitary movement of the nineteenth century, in some recent remarks on the producing cause of the present crisis, says that it may be stated in the simple words,—"the American people do not love money." This is an astounding assertion,—*Not love Money?* Why, the opinion of nine-tenths of our readers, on first reading it, will be the same as was ours—that the statement is false. We have thought, as have others, that the American people loved money.

But men are often unwittingly in error. And as this startling assertion comes from so respectable a source, it is well for every one to study it. Perhaps, on reflection, the public will become convinced, as we have, that it is TRUE.

Americans love not money, neither do they worship at its shrine. They love dress, display, show, pomp, parade. They bow down and do homage at the altar of ostentation. The ladies lavish immense sums of money for costly apparel and useless ornaments. They lead the men. And to keep up appearances in the midst of so much display, the sterner sex imitate their extravagance In their haste and rivalry, both go beyond their means, without considering the fatal results that must be experienced by themselves and those who may pattern from them. And while both sexes lavish money on display in their social relations, the business men of the land fall into a still more grievous error in their commercial transactions.—They love not money. They issue bills, drafts and checks. Their gold they send off to England for finery with which to deck themselves their families and their houses, so that while our country is rent in twain, all for the want of gold, England and the Canadas have plenty, and to spare.

The American people love not money. The ladies, and men too, throw it away on finery as if the fabled wealth of the Indies was poured out at their feet; or the dark science of alchemy had yielded up its secret, and the philosopher's stone had at last been discovered. Then with these raiments of costly apparel, they traverse the streets, and stand in the public places as if there was merit in making such a display.

The Americans love not money. The wiser Englishman hoards his wealth; lives, and is content to pass his life in a small house that many of our countrymen would call a "hovel," situated in an obscure and perhaps unfashionable street.—The American can live nowhere but in the most fashionable street, and splendid house, fitted out as palace-like as possible. The Englishman lives on plain fare; the American gives feasts and banquets. The Englishman fills his coffers with gold; the American, if asked to change a ten-dollar bill, has not specie enough about him. Sober sense rules the Englishman; "Young America" or the devil flies away with the American.

But too late to prevent many a disastrous failure, comes the knowledge that we have exchanged our gold for things of far less value. A part we have sent to England and France for silks, broadcloths, and other comparatively useless articles of great cost, and a part we have converted into jewelry of more show than use. So that while the old world is rejoicing in plenty of bullion, we have only the fine dresses and ornaments, which are greatly depreciated in value; and a miserable *shadow, paper-money*, instead of the *substance*, GOLD.

A plain lesson is taught. Although we have previously thought that Americans were guilty of worshipping gold to far too great an extent, we are now ready to say, with Mr. PARKER,—"love gold more;" with only this one qualification—LOVE DISPLAY LESS.

Editorial Correspondence.

CONTINUED.

DETROIT, MICH.,
Friday Oct. 9th.

Our last letter was written in Kalamazoo.—While in that place we stopped at the Burdick House, where we met our friends, Rev. J. Anderson, of Grand Haven, D. C. Henderson, of Allegan, and Wm. C. Smith, of Knowlesville, N. Y. We can recommend this hotel to the traveling public as one of the best in the state.

Leaving Kalamazoo at 9,20 P. M., on the cars of the Michigan central railroad, we were soon traveling at a speed somewhat faster and more pleasurable than is the fashion in a stage coach. We arrived in Jackson at 12,20 A. M., Thursday, and put up at the Hibbard House for the remainder of the night, and on that day attended the convention of the "Michigan press association." An account of the proceedings of that body we published last week. During the same day we visited the 9th annual fair of the Jackson county agricultural society, and the state prison, of which we may give a description at some future time.

While in Jackson, we called at the newspaper offices of the *Patriot* and *Citizen*. Both of these papers are doing a good business, and the proprietors were very attentive to their brother editors, thirty-three of whom were present at the convention. On leaving, Mr. DeLand, of the *Citizen*, gave us an engraving of the "Washington national monument." Friend T. F. Bouton, of the *Patriot*, presented us with a mammoth apple, a production of Jackson county, which may now be seen, "appropriately displayed," in the *Times* office, in Eastmanville.

We also made the acquaintance of Mr. Treadwell, the former land commissioner of Michigan, Mr. Cheney, formerly an editor of the *Patriot*, now